The Child's Paradise

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

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THE CHILD'S PARADISE

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS IN PROSE BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

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Mistakes in Teaching
Training the Children
Adult and Child

The Child's Paradise

Stories and Musings for Parents and Teachers

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

The earth should be his Paradise,
His home a shrine,
Where he may grow in happiness
Towards the divine

THE RYERSON PRESS
PUBLISHERS - - TORONTO

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By JAMES L. HUGHES

PRINTED IN CANADA

PREFACE

THE Stories and musings of this book represent the methods of good and evil in child training.

When old methods based on tyranny pass away in the homes and Schools; and homes and Schools become "free republics of Childhood" in which the individual power of each child may grow, and bloom truly, and ripen fully the world will enter on a new era of growth in power and skill, and brotherhood.

JAMES L. HUGHES

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THE CHILD'S PARADISE

THE earth should be his paradise,
His home a shrine,
Where he should grow in happiness
Towards the divine.
The sun and moon, the stars and sky,
Are all his own:
The flowers and trees, the hills and dales,
Are his alone.

When he is free to do the things
He plans to do,
His soul responsive to the Light
Of Vision new
Wakes to new power; then beauty's charms,
And sweet bird-songs
Fill his young life with glory that
To him belongs.

The homes and schools of childhood's years
Should ever be
Soul growth republics where the child
Is ever free,
Developing his power to win
High destiny;
Encouraged by approving smiles
Of sympathy.

The man who stands between the child
And God, is he
Who drives him out of Paradise
By tyranny;
Who robs him of his joyousness,
And puts a blight
On his best soul buds, opening
In God's clear light.

THE MOTHER TO HER BABE

IMAGE of God, little one,
Sent by the Father divine;
You are His thought and His plan;
You are His grandest design.

You have begun your great work
Though but a babe at my breast;
Your cry enkindles my heart;
Your smile awakens my best.

Your life reveals a new hope
Lighting the future to me;
Bright in my love dreams for you
Visions of glory I see.

Destiny watches for you
Pointing your path to the height;
God give me wisdom that I
Ever may guide you aright.

A PRAYER ON RETIRING

No other term reveals so great an amount of soul dwarfing influence in unlightened and presumptuous adulthood, as the term "child queller" used by Dickens in describing Mrs. Pipchin.

FORGIVE me Father, if today
At any time or place
I quelled the spirit of a child;
Or brought to his fair face
A shadow dark, where should be light;
Or made life seem to him less bright.

Help me, O Father that I may
Tomorrow truly aid
Each child to live his free soul out
Serene and unafraid.
Guide me that I may ever be
With childhood in full sympathy.

LIFE'S WIDER VIEW

"UP to the top of the mount take me
Out of the valley small;
Is there a great world beyond to see?
Or is this valley all?"

So to his father once spoke a child
Longing for wider view.
"Yes, son," he said as he proudly smiled,
"Come, I will climb with you."

Up to the mount crest they climbed that day,
Climbed till the boy could see
Wideness and beauty, far, far away
Over the land and sea.

Long did he look till a wideness new
Set his best life aglow;
Narrowness left him and vision true
Started his soul to grow.

Never again was the boy the same;
Bondless and hopeful he
Climbed towards Life's crest with his heart aflame,
Broadminded, strong, and free.

DADDY'S LESSON

"TEDDY", I said, "I must whip you, lad,
For you have been bad today."
"Daddy", said he with a wistful look,
"Is there not some other way?

"I am a child only ten years old,
And you are a grown up man;
Wait till tomorrow and you may find
A kinder and better plan.

"You were a boy, and your mother kind
Was tenderly good to you.
Daddy, you told me her loving smile
Helped you to be good and true.

"Often when I am alone at night
I wonder, dear dad, if she
Loved with a deeper and truer love
Than you ever showed to me.

"I had no mother to love me, dad,
And give me her tender care;
No one to sing by my bed at night,
Or teach me a boy's first prayer.'

Then I looked back to my own boy life,
And saw that my child was right;—
"Teddy", I said, "I will love you, lad,
You've waked in my heart new light.

"Chums we will be through the coming years,
And I will your partner be;
Trustfully I will rely on you,
And you may rely on me."

Beautiful tears filled his big blue eyes,
Bright tears of true joy were they,
Quickly he leaped in my arms, and said,
"Dear dad, you have found the way!"

BLESSED IS HER MEMORY

I WAS a farmer's oldest son,
My age fourteen;
A large, strong boy who had not thought
What life might mean.

My simple duties on the farm
I tried to do;
I was content, and did not dream
Of wider view.

I learned the lessons of the schools;
They gave no glow
To kindle my awaking soul,
And make me grow.

I saw God's miracles each day
On earth and sky,
But did not look beyond to see
The reason why.

Then came a teacher to our school
Who knew the heart
Of nature. She awakened me
With matchless art.

I learned to understand the cause
Of day and night.
The seasons and the changing moon,
And with delight,

I woke to see the universe
And know that man,
And God, and all He made are one
In His great plan,

And the wide vision that I gained
Has proved to be
Worth more than all I ever learned
In school to me.

SUE'S SUGGESTION

HOW we enjoyed the spelling game
In our old village school!
When we went up and down the line
According to the rule
That those who missed went down, and those
Who spelled correctly higher rose.

How earnestly we tried to reach
The top and start again
Down at the foot to climb once more!
And he who first made ten
Round trips from foot to head had won.
Our spelling game was real fun.

My little sweetheart could not spell
She often missed, and so
The dear girl's constant place was at
The bottom of the row.
Great was my joy, when I could stand
Beside sweet Sue and hold her hand.

But I could not remain with her
Unless I missed words, too
So going home from school one day
I shyly said, to Sue
"If you would learn to spell, then we
Would rise together, don't you see?"

She blushing stood, and I could see
  Her merry eyes grow dim,
And then she smiled and sweetly said
"I love you near, dear Jim,
I cannot spell the words, but you
I think might sometimes miss a few."

IN THE OLD SCHOOLROOM

LONG years ago I taught you here—
A youth of twenty then;
To-day I see you, girls and boys,
Come smiling in again
Unchanged by years, for I forget
And dream that I am twenty yet.

And as I see you sitting there,
Each desk recalls a face,
Whose glow of waking consciousness
Made this a sacred place,
When to each soul came vision true
Of purpose high and power new.

And I have watched you as you climbed
Through all the happy years,
And, when you won your victories,
I felt responsive cheers,
Dear boys and girls, ring in my heart,
Because you nobly did your part.

Through all the fruitful years my life
Brought blessings rare to me,
But, as serene and free I stand
Reviewing life, I see
No record of a greater hour
Than when I kindled your best power.

A HAPPY HEARTED BOY

I LOVE God's stars and flowers and trees,
And wheatfields waving in the breeze;
I love His glory on the sky,
When day is whispering good-bye;
I love to hear His wild birds sing
To welcome waking life in Spring;
I love His mountains and His sea,
But best of all His gifts to me
I love a happy-hearty boy
Who helps to fill the world with joy.

WHY HE WAS A TRUE MAN

FAR in the country he was born
Upon a forest farm,
Where in the woods a boy he played
Enjoying Nature's charm.

The squirrels and the chipmunks first
Were friends with whom he played;
And even of his collie dog
Those friends were not afraid.

So he grew free and never felt
A bond his soul to blight.
And beauty on the earth and sky
Gave him supreme delight.

In gloaming time one calm June eve
From a tall hemlock tree
He heard with rapture a bird sing
Divinest melody.

And through the years he listened on
To hear that song again;
But never heard so sweet a song
As in the hemlock glen.

So evermore that gloaming song
To him remained the best;
Its melody his soul tone formed
Interpreting the rest.

For there are epochs, when a child
In an enchanted hour,
Has centres started in his soul
Of beauty and of power.

With rich environment of things
He could transform at hand,
He made new plans for work each day,
And did the work he planned.

His strong self-active tendency
Into a habit grew;
Achieving visions each new day
Gave power of vision new.

Through the green meadow near his home
Ran his own purling stream;
And lost in flowers upon its bank
He often sat to dream

Grand plans of work in coming years,
When as a man he'd be
Achieving for his fellowmen
The visions he would see

To lead them towards the shining heights,
Where they would all be free,
And join together to achieve
Their highest destiny.

And so in childhood's paradise
He lived through kindling years;
His spirit thrilled by beauty, and
The music of the spheres.

He learned the joy of comradeship
With parents kind and true,
Whose loving sympathy he had
In all he tried to do.

The radiant glory of those years
Ne'er in his soul grew dim;
But, with increasing brightness shone
To light life's paths for him.

Into his soul God's beauty shone,
And music's kindling cheer;
And freedom gave him wings to fly
Where others crept in fear.

All his best elements of life;
Of love, and trust, and truth,
Of vision and achieving power;
Were planted in his youth.

And rooted in the fertile soil
Of pure unselfishness,
Enriched by loving service for
Those he had power to bless.

So he developed power to plan
And propagate the good,
And be a noble man who lives
For closer brotherhood.

The saddest sights in all the world
Are men's powers used for wrong;
And men unconscious of the powers
God gave to make them strong.

The natures of such men were warped;
Their soul-hood robbed of might;
When driven out of paradise
By trainers without light.

O, parenthood! O, teacherhood!
God made the children right.
Keep them in paradise, do not
Upon them put a blight.

Provide employments suitable
That they may happy be;
Save them from dwarfing tyranny,
And let their souls grow free.

Give them your comradeship and love,
In climbing towards the height;
Then they may grow towards the divine
With joy and conscious might.

OUR TEACHER

MARTHA was old but her loving heart
Grew younger as day by day
She won our hearts in the little school
That stood near the wide, blue bay.

Others more learnéd there may have been,
But none have I ever known
Richer in life and revealing power
To kindle our best alone.

Comrade was she in the fields and woods
Revealing life's wondrous plan;
Showing how Nature's growth giving laws
Relate us to God and man.

Soon we had diamonds in the dew
And gold in the sunset sky;
New were the glorious mysteries
We learned from the stars on high.

O how we studied great books when she,
Their secret of uplift told!
"They are the gold mines of truth," said she
Then trained us to search for gold.

Reverently at the close of day
We stood as she led in prayer,
Asking the Father throughout the night
To guard us from ev'ry care.

After long years in the old white school
Gray men and gray women met,
Her boys and girls in the long ago
Who loved her memory yet.

Reverently in the graveyard then
On top of the hill we stood
Round a tall shaft on whose side was told
Our story of gratitude.

When on her grave we had placed our wreaths,
We stood in a circle there,
While a most eloquent preacher spoke,
And led us in hopeful prayer.

Each one recalled that, when Martha came,
The preacher an orphan lad,
Was by the pious condemned because
They said he was "awful bad."

Memory brought to each one that day
A thousand great epoch hours,
When throught the years seeds that Martha sowed
Bloomed forth into life's bright flowers.

And as the visions came back again
Of Martha and childhood's years,
Hearts beat with joy, and tears filled our eyes,
But they were exultant tears.

MY KINDLER

IN dreams I sit beside your desk
In life's great epoch hour,
When with your matchless kindling art
You first awaked my power.

The other boys and girls had gone
When school was out, but you
Had asked that I should stay that night
Some special work to do.

You sat beside me and I felt
Your deep, true friendship shine
Out of your heart with kindly glow,
And wake response in mine.

You said I was a thought of God,
And that in His great plan
I had some special work to do
To help my fellow man;

And that to find my special power
Should be life's greatest aim;—
Your words, your tone, your brother touch
Set my young heart aflame.

I took your hand and looked away
Through long, achieving years,
And tears came in my eyes, but they
Were hopeful, joyous tears.

A vision shone through Heaven's gate
Of what my life might be,
And angel voices seemed to bring
Great messages to me.

To see the setting sun that night
I climbed the hemlock hill.
I heard the messages again
And answered—"Yes, I will."

THE FATHER'S CRIME

TO Custom's tyrant rule I bowed
And told my son
That in the morn, I'd punish him
For wrong he'd done.

I had not thought about my crime
Enough to know
That it was barbarous in me
To treat him so.

When I went up to bed that night
I heard him moan,
And then the sorrow in his heart
Awoke my own.

In early morning, when I woke,
I dressed, and then
I listened at his door, and heard
His moans again.

"O! God," I said, "forgive my sin"
For then I knew
That I had robbed him of his rest
The long night through.

I went into his room and saw
His tear stained cheek.
He woke, and when he saw me, gave
A piercing shriek.

I clasped him in my arms, and said,
"My darling son,
Come let me wash your tears away,
And when I'm done,"

"I promise evermore to be
More kind to you,
And guide you in a better way
The right to do."

"I, too, have been unhappy, son
Through night's dark hours,
But love-light shines now in my heart
With vital powers."

"HELLO JIM!"

WHEN I was but a little boy
Just only eight years old,
We had a neighbor named Bill Smith
And I was often told

To keep away from him, because
He was so very "bad",
He scared me sometimes in my dreams,
When I a night-mare had.

I met him on the road one day,
I was afraid of him,
But he looked kindly down at me
And said "O, hello Jim!"

And, when I go along that road
I always think of him,
I see him smile and hear his voice
Say kindly "Hello Jim."

They said about another man,
That he was "always good,
And when I grew up, I should be,
Just like him, if I could."

When I met him, he did not smile,
Nor speak, nor look at me
His face was solemn, and his heart
Seemed icy cold to be.

I wondered why religion made
A man so hard and grim,
And thought that I would never be
A gloomy man like him;

But grow up "bad" and try to be
A jolly man like him
Who won my heart with happy smile
And said, "O, hello Jim!"

NEVER SMILE BEFORE YOUR CLASS

THEY Taught me at the Normal School
That I should always be
Sedate in school, and never smile
But let the pupils see
Upon my face—just mystery,
Stern and impressive dignity.

And for a time I meekly thought
The books and teachers right,
And on frivolity in school
I promptly put a blight.
"No foolish levity in school,"
Was my first self controlling rule.

When funny incidents occurred
My humor I would hide;
I bit my lip and quickly went
To freely laugh outside.
That it would never, never do
To smile in school I surely knew.

But now I know that he who robs
A child's young heart of joy,
Works but for evil, when he clouds
The face of girl or boy;
But he who helps to make it shine
Aids in unfolding the divine.

And more I know, the teacher who
  Fears he will lose control
Because he joins the child in joy,
  Is dwarfing his own soul;
For all the seeds of power and right
Grow to perfection in the light.

THE KINDLING TEACHER

ALONG the winding woodland path
The happy children went to school;
They loved the flowers along its sides,
And ferns that grew where woods are cool.

And when they found a flower unknown,
They took it to their teacher, who
Loved Nature's life in all its forms,
And gladly told them what she knew

Of wonders of the earth and sky,
Of beauty springing from the ground,
Of leaves so varied on the trees,
And joys that she had always found

In seeing God in all His works
A flower, a fern, a blade of grass,
A gleaming star, the changing moon,
And seasons, as they come and pass.

She told what children ought to do,
Some needy neighbor's heart to bless,
And said "each child had power to bring
To some one greater happiness."

Two girls one morning, as they passed
The red-roofed cottage both agreed
To make some person happy, if
They only knew some one in need.

Then Kate said "Nellie I have thought
Of one whom we can help to be
More happy. She's the crippled girl,
In there. She needs our help for she

"Can not go out to see the flowers,
Or trees, or ferns, or stars, or sky;
To raise some money, Nell, to buy
A nice wheeled chair for her we'll try.

"Her father's dead, her mother poor
She needs some one her heart to cheer:
She is the one that we should help,
I'm glad we see our duty clear."

They spoke of it at Sunday School;
They went through all the neighborhood;
They raised the money—human hearts
Are glad to help in doing good.

The people thanked the little girls
For kindly thought and helpful deed;
They gave their money freely, and
They wished the happy girls "God speed."

They bought the chair and dresses, too,
For Mary, and one happy day
They wheeled her to the school, and she
Just wept the thanks she could not say.

And all the children cried for joy
With Mary, and the teacher, too;
Then Katie said, "O, teacher, dear!
We owe the kindly thought to you."

The pastor came that day to school,
And told the teacher that he thought
The lesson that had kindled hearts
The grandest lesson she had taught.

A famous doctor met the girls
With Mary on the road one day;
He heard their story, and proposed
To treat her without any pay.

She grew quite strong, and happiness
Filled the small house with roof of red;
And when the people thanked the girls,
"Give our dear teacher thanks," they said.

ENOCH KNEW WHY

YOUNG Enoch Simpson was but ten.
He was a merry boy,
And "as an egg is full of meat"
So he was full of joy.

He led in mischief at the school
Yet never was unfair,
And when the master punished him,
He did not seem to care.

One day the master called him up
And Enoch calmly went,
And smiling stood unflinchingly
Awaiting punishment.

The master said, "I'll whip you well,
And you can tell me why?"
"Yes, Sir, I can", the boy replied,
"You're bigger, Sir, than I."

IN WHAT RESPECTS AM I LIKE SQUEERS?

MOST kindly people when they read
Of Dotheboys shed tears,
Then heave a sigh, and say "Thank God
That I am not like Squeers.

What they should do is seek for power
To dry the children's tears
And ask the Father to reveal
How much they are like Squeers,

And for a higher truer love
Of childhood through the years,
And clearer vision of new light
That they may dry its tears.

O! THE DIFFERENCE

REGINALD Jones on a summer day
Went with Jim Brooks to the woods away
Out from the town, where the hawthorn trees
Waved their white arms in the gentle breeze,
On to the valley beyond the hill,
Where by the pond stood the old red mill,
And by the stream fairest flowers grew
Kindling their souls with enchantment new.

Two happy boys spent the afternoon
Hearing the bobolink's sacred tune,
Wandering on by the river's side,
Chasing the chipmunks that ran to hide,
Gathering strawberries in the grass,
Watching white clouds o'er the blue sky pass,
Floating bark ships on the river, till
Afterglow shone o'er the tree crowned hill.

Hurriedly homeward they went at last
Blissfully happy. Their hearts beat fast
Throbbing in time with a grand new tune
Learned on that glorified afternoon.
Each with a feeling of pure delight
Carried a handful of flowers bright;
Flowers for mother to make her glad
Carried each happy and hopeful lad.

Reginald's mother in anger threw
Out his wild flowers and treasures new;
Told him he never must go again
Out with that wicked Jim Brooks, and then
Scolded and threatened her little lad;
Wondered why he had been born so bad;
Mourned for the clothes he had soiled, and sent
Him straight to bed as a punishment.
Supperless, heartsore, the weeping boy
Ended in sorrow his day of joy.

Jim's mother kissed him and fondly smiled;
Told him that she was a country child
Fond of the flowers in wood and vale;
Listened with joy to his boyish tale;
Sent him to wash, and when he was done;
Gave him dry clothing and said, "my son
You must at supper your father tell
All you have seen, he will like it well."

Two mothers looked at their boys that night
Lying asleep in their beds so white;
One with a face that was pale and sad
Wept as she looked at her little lad;
Noted the stains of his bitter tears;
Prayed that his badness would pass with years;
Asked God to comfort her aching heart
Selfishly thinking she'd done her part.

Jim's mother looked at her sleeping boy
Dreaming in peace of his day of joy
Said "God I thank thee for little Jim,
Help me to kindle and nurture him.
Gateful am I that he loves me so,
Help me to guide him by love's bright glow,
Make me his comrade and partner true
Cheering him upward to higher view."

THE FATHER'S DREAM

"I'LL Whip you in the morning, boy,"
I harshly said,
"Stop crying, or I"ll whip you more,
Now go to bed."

When to my room I went that night
I heard him moan
In sleep, and ere the morn I dreamed
That he had grown

Until he was giant large
And strong, and grim;
Who dared me then to come and try
To punish him.

Then to my coward heart there came
A message new
And to my soul a vision clear
Of higher view.

I lay reflecting on my dream
Till daylight came;
And, when I thought about my boy,
I blushed in shame.

When he awoke, I said, "I have
A better plan.
I'll treat you as my chum, and be
A gentleman."

"O, dad," he said, "that's decent. I'll
Be decent, too,
And we will have a jolly life,
Hurrah for you!"

A HERO

THE little boy who says "I won't"
To a command
From a big man, a hero is
With courage grand.

His teacher dare not say "I won't"
To giant grim
Three times his size who in loud tones
Would order him

To do something he did not wish
To do, and he
Should learn that boys don't disobey
When they are free.

Till tyranny distorts their souls
All boys obey,
And gladly work with comrade guides
Who show the way.

A VITAL LESSON

I WENT to tell Dick's mother
About her wayward lad;
That he must be suspended
From school he was so "bad."

I found her in a garret
Down in a narrow street;
She stood before her wash tub
With baby at her feet.

I said "I am Dick's teacher."
"I'm glad you came," said she,
"I'm proud to be the mother
Of such a son as he.

"His father died last winter,
He had been two years sick;
But Dick has been my helper,
A fine boy is my Dick.

"He starts to sell his papers
Before the rooster crows,
Then eats his well earned breakfast
And whistling off he goes.

"After the school is over
He works from four to eight,
And Saturdays till midnight.
O, my dear Dick, he's *great!*

"I thank you for your visit,
I hope you'll come again;
You must be very happy
In making boys good men."

I could not give the message
I went to give, so I
Just said, "Tell Dick I'm sorry
He was not here, good bye."

For when I heard her story
Of what her boy had done,
I knew I was a failure
In training such a son.

I knew that I had never
Dick's best life understood;
I thought him "bad," his mother
Had proved that he was good.

I learned a vital lesson
From her that epoch day;
I went a thoughtless teacher;
Transformed, I came away.

I learned I could not kindle
True soulhood with a stick;
I'd studied how to govern;
Henceforth I'll study Dick.

That day I said, "I'll never
  Coerce a child again,"
And since I have been happy
  In aiding "to make men."

I told Dick all the story
  Of what I went to do,
And how it made me happy
  To find he was so true.

I asked him to forgive me
  For wrongs that I had done,
And his bright smile and hand clasp
  Showed that his heart was won.

We spoke about his mother,
  About the baby, too;
We spoke about his future,
  And each had vision new;
We pledged a lifelong friendship;
  We still are comrades true.

MCWHACKER

MCWHACKER was a teacher man,
He went to church on Sunday,
And prayed that he might have the strength
To beat the boys on Monday.

McWhacker was his proper name
For he did surely whack us;
With rawhide in his big right hand
He daily did attack us.

He flogged us for the wrong we did—
Right on our heads he'd crack us;
He flogged us for mistakes we made
And where he'd hit he'd black us.

At length he died through making love
Too much to old God Bacchus;
But we remember through the years
The way he used to whack us.

"I GUESS HE NEVER WAS A BOY"

(Told by one of the boys)

THE trustees met to hear a charge
The teacher made against his boys.
He said that we were rude outside,
And in the school made too much noise.
"The very first day I was here
They gathered on the hill," said he
"When school was out, and when I passed
They all joined in and snowballed me."

The chairman rose and looked severe,
"I'm sorry, boys," he sternly said;
"Why did you treat your teacher so?"
Then Enoch Simpson rose and said,
"I asked him if he'd take a ride,
I did not do it to annoy;
He threw my sleigh clear o'er the fence,
I guess he never was a boy."

We snowballed him, sir, 'good and hard,'
He got the worst of it, and we
Think he deserved it—all he got—
And we were hopeful, sir, that he
Would tell us he was sorry, when
He came to school next day, but O
You should have heard how he did scold.
He told us he would make us know"

"That he was boss. We shouted "boss!
Co boss! Co boss!" We made some noise,
But honestly now wouldn't you
Have done so, too, when you were boys?
We meant no harm, and we'll behave
If he will only learn to see
That boys have rights. We'll all be glad
If he our comrade friend will be."

The teacher promised, and the boys
Cheered loudly, and the trustees, too,
The Chairman said, "he hoped that all
Would now unite our best to do."
The teacher said, "I will be square,
I see that I was wrong, and here
I offer an apology
To all the boys, with heart sincere."

Loud were the cheers the glad boys gave
From hearts that overflowed delight
Until the happy teacher said,
"I wonder, Simpson, if tonight
You'd let me ride downhill, with you?"
Simpson stood up, and said "O, yes!"
Then in a kindly tone he said,
"Fellows, he *was* a boy, I guess.

FRED'S SYMPATHY

WE lived in a cottage beside the sea
And when I came home one day
I did not see Fred—little Fred just eight—
Who loved with his "dad" to play.

And daddy loved, too, with his happy boy
To play, when his work was done,
Or climb to the top of the hill with him,
To look at the setting sun.

"Dear, where is our boy," to my wife, I said,
And sadly she made reply;
"O Fred was so naughty this afternoon
To punish him I did try,

But, when I commanded that he should come,
Authority he defied,
And knowing that I could not follow him
Crept under the house to hide."

"Then give me the rod," I most sternly said
I'll teach him he must obey."
So after him slowly I crept until
From him but two yards away.

And then with a look of deep sympathy
He whispered so low to me,
"Say dad! is she after you, too?" Now who
Could whip such a boy as he?

We went to the top of our sunset hill
And watched till the sun had gone,
And saw in the glory of afterglow
The day's fond goodnight shine on.

And there as we stood in that sacred light
I lovingly spoke to him,
And told of the shadow on mother's heart
Until his blue eyes were dim.

And as we came down with his hand in mine
He said, "I am sorry Dad,
But if she'll forgive me and love me still
I'll try not to be so bad."

I tightened my hold on his little hand
And felt his response to me,
Till out from his heart a love message came,
"I'll tell her tonight," said he.

Her face was o'ershadowed by sadness still,
But soon it was changed to joy,
And lighted by love shine, when in her arms
She held her enkindled boy.

THE BRILLIANT DUNCE

THEY called him "dunce." In olden time
It was a very common crime
To call boys names, though wiser men,
Said it was wicked even then
To call boys "bad," or "dunce," or "fool"
Because they broke some needless rule,
Or could not spell, or were not quick
To learn the hard arithmetic.

The teacher who would use a name
That brings a tear, or blush of shame
To any child; has not been taught
That each child represents a thought
Of God—some vital uplift plan
Of service for his fellowman;
Or he would know that boys should be
From such insulting language free.

They called Pete "dunce," and his nine years
Had brought him many bitter tears.
He could not read at nine, and they
Would shake their book-crammed heads, and say,
"He cares not for his books, and so
His brain, poor boy, will never grow.
He does not understand. Alas!
He cannot learn. He will not pass."

Enlightened teachers clearly see
That some were never meant to be
Book students; but most teachers yet
This basic principle forget.
They mark book crammers very high
And others "dunces" classify.
Achieving men are greater far
Than mere book students ever are.

Pete cared not for the printed word,
His interest had not been stirred
By anything his teachers taught,
And so they most unwisely thought
He was a "dunce," and said that he
Of dunces had least power to be
Of any use. They did not know
How quickly souls, when kindled, grow.

His teacher left; another came
With faith in boys, and heart aflame.
They told him Pete was just a "dunce."
He listened, and replied at once,
"I'll study him, and try to find
What cause obscures the poor boy's mind.
I'll try to kindle him, I know
If kindled, he will start to grow."

For weeks the teacher saw no sign
That any light began to shine
In Pete's dark mind, until one day
He said, "I have another way
Of teaching drawing, boys, to wake
Their minds, and not mere pictures make.
I will come twice each week at eight;
I hope you'll come; you'll find it great."

He hoped one half his class to find.
The "dunce" alone with dormant mind
Came. "Pete", said he, "I'll try to do
The very best I can for you.
To start the power of just one boy
To grow would give me greater joy
Than to be King; If you will try
We'll be good comrades, you and I."

Pete understood. His first design,
Planned by himself grew line by line.
He did not copy. He was free
To be original, so he
Was kindled, and a vital light
Shone in his eyes and made them bright.
The teacher's smile brought joyous tears
That gathered through unkindled years.

His soul awoke in that great hour,
For drawing was his special power,
Related powers woke, too, and he
Gave promise of his destiny,
And made it to his teacher clear
That he would have a fine career.
An architect renowned is he,
Whose fame is known beyond the sea.

When teachers learn to kindle souls,
And start their growth towards special goals,
Each one to his own goal, they'll know
That men's best powers can never grow
By knowledge only. They must be
First kindled, then made truly free.
All teachers are dunce makers, when
They think of knowledge more than men.

ROBBED OF CHILDHOOD

A Father and a mother came
A hundred miles to see
A teacher with their little boy
Because they heard that he
Was fond of boys and power had
To kindle those whom they called "bad".

"We've no control whatever, sir,"
They said, "over this lad,
And we can find no reason, sir,
Why he should be so "bad."
We ask, if you our son will take
And see, if you his will can break."

"He knows the Bible, sir, by heart;
We've tried to make him good.
We ought to know the rightful way
To train as parents should.
Our fathers both were preachers true,
Who, how to train their children, knew.

"They never let us have our way
When we were young, and so
We could not learn to do wrong things;
Obedient we did grow,
But he gets angry, when controlled,
And answers us in language bold."

"I'm sorry for your little son,"
The teacher kindly said,
"You did not try to train a child,
You trained a man instead.
You cannot truly train a boy
By robbing him of childhood's joy."

A boy in childhood should be free
To think, and plan, and do.
Your son can never truly grow
So long, my friends, as you
Refuse to let him have his way
Enjoying work—enjoying play."

"To know the bible all by heart
At ten, cannot be right.
To make the sacred book a task,
May cloud the guiding light
That it should give to lead him through
Life's coming years, and make him true."

"He is not "bad", but warped, because
His growth has not been free.
I like your boy, and soon I hope
To win his love for me.
We will be comrades full of joy,
And he will be a fine true boy."

OUR FIRST FEMALE TEACHER

THE School board met one night to choose
A teacher for the coming year.
The chairman was a cultured Scot
Progressive, earnest, and sincere.

One was an Englishman, the last
From Ireland came. The chairman read
The written applications, then
"I have a great surprise," he said.

"One from a female teacher came
Whose writing is the very best,
Her spelling and her grammar, too,
Are far ahead of all the rest."

"Of all the teachers who applied
The female teacher I would choose."
Then spoke the Englishman who said
"To vote for females I refuse,

"I want a male." Then Erin's son
Expressed with force his simple plan,
"For nayther male nor female I
Will vote," said he, "I want a man."

The chairman reasoned earnestly;
The Englishman was stubborn still.
"Women should stay at home," said he,
"To vote for one I never will."

To Tim, the chairman then appealed,
Until the Irishman said, "Well,
Perhaps you're right. I hope you are.
I'll vote with you, and time will tell."

And time did tell for soon she proved
That both her head and heart were right.
She won the happy girls and boys,
And filled their parents with delight.

Then when the Englishman would meet
With parents anywhere he'd say,
"I'm glad that we appointed her
For she has surely won her way."

JIM'S Teacher was a kindly man,
But in the "good old training plan"
He still believed. "No boy," said he,
"Can be from evil ways made free
Unless you use the rod, until
You change his heart and break his will.
I do not like to whip a boy,
But do it that he may have joy,
When he is old enough to see
That he should ever grateful be
Because I punished him at school
And made him always keep each rule.
All boys are born corrupt within,
Their natures love the path of sin.
Their evil natures are so strong
They hate the right and love the wrong.
And so I use correction's rod
To turn my boys in youth to God.
I whip to drive the evil out.
I turn the wayward boys about,
And make them keep the narrow path
To save them from eternal wrath."

He was an earnest man and true
Who said his duty he must do
To save the boys. Poor thoughtless man!
He never sought a better plan
Than beating boys to kindle souls,

And guide them towards the higher goals.
His boys oft ran away from school,
But he declared that proved the rule
That boys objected to be trained,
And hated school because restrained;
And so his days were grimly spent
Awarding brutal punishment.
The best boys ran away he knew,
But still he beat the patient few
Who stayed. He never tried to find
A plan less brutal and more kind
To stimulate the youthful mind.

The largest pupil in the school,
Jim Johnston, one day broke a rule;
A hundred rules the master had,
A hundred ways of being bad;
And when with visage dark and grim
The master loudly ordered Jim
To come for punishment, he stood,
And in a calm, defiant mood
Said "No!" The master in a rage
Roared like a lion in his cage,
And struck the boy a savage blow,
Then ordered him from school to go.
Active, and strong, and undismayed
A rush the maddened pupil made.
Upon the startled master's head
He rained fierce blows, and firmly said
"I'll go when I my debt have paid,

And you have full atonement made,
For even as a little lad,
When first you foully called me "bad,"
And beat me I resolved to pay
The debt I owed some future day.
That day has come and, when I go,
I hope you'll learn your lesson—so
That you may find a better plan
To train a boy to be a man."

The master said that Jim should be
Expelled from school so bad was he;
But the Inspector kindly said
That he would transfer Jim instead.
"And so his part not mine you take,"
The master said, "Sir, you should break
His stubborn will." "No! I'll not dare
To break a will so strong and rare.
His will is God's best gift, and I
Will help the boy that he may try
His will to strengthen that he may
Be strong and true for God some day.
I'll not deny the boy his right
To kindly guidance towards the light."

"He must apologize to me,"
The master said. "Wait, let me see,
Did you apologize to Jim?
Remember that you first struck him
Unlawfully upon the head,"

The kind Inspector calmly said.
"Take my advice, do not object
To his transfer. Learn to respect
The rights of children. Start anew
To study them. Be kind and true.
You might be punished for the blow
Severely in the court, and so
A comrade—not a tyrant be.
Kindle their powers. Let them be free.
Trust them as partners in the school,
And let them help to make each rule.
Don't try to make a boy a saint.
Let law be guidance not restraint.
Restrictive law each power destroys
That should unfold in girls and boys.
Train them to plan and do, and they
Will grow in vital power each day,
And life to them may ever be
A progress toward divinity."

Jim's second principal was wise.
Jim said of him, "he always tries
To be a comrade with the boys
In outdoor sports and other joys
That real boys all like so much
When kindled by a human touch."
He welcomed Jim and said "we need
You Jim to help us; you can lead
Our football team to victory.
We'll all be glad if you will be
Our Captain, won't we boys?" said he.

They answered him with three times three.
And Jim remembered through the years
His heartglow, when he heard their cheers.
New elements of hope and power
Were kindled in his life that hour,
New visions of what he might be
Swept through his soul and made him free.
He promised he would do his part
To prove that in his grateful heart
He'd keep the boys and master, too,
And to their trust be ever true.

Jim's leadership was strong but kind.
His team with him in love combined.
They won the cup—but more—they learned
That triumph ever must be earned,
By each one working at his best
In partnership with all the rest.
They felt new consciousness of power.
They learned to spend no idle hour,
But practiced well each foot ball art
That each with skill might play his part.
Life had fresh interest for Jim;
Each day revealed new hope for him;
Achievement gave new power to do
The greater things of wider view,
And elements of true success
Entered his soul his life to bless.
Training may either bless or blight
May make life dark or guide to light
That shines forever on the height.

HOW HE WON HIS SPURS

TWO teachers from our village school
We helped to drive away;
They did not like our boyish tricks,
And so they did not stay;

And, when the village school Board had
Appointed Number three,
We planned to drive him quickly out,
And let him, too, go free.

He said "good morning girls and boys,"
When he came in, and then,
When no one answered him, he said,
"Ladies and gentlemen,

"When they are spoken to arise
And say 'good morning,' too,
Again I'll say 'Good morning,' then
I know what you will do."

He said it in a comrade's tone,
And looked so kind and true,
That, when he said it over, we
All said "good morning," too.

He smiled and said "I hope that we
Will always be in school
Young ladies and young gentlemen,
I have no other rule."

When he began recording names
I thought that I would be
A little funny, so I said
"My name is Pat Turlee."

I said it in an Irish voice.
He saw the others smile,
And so he quickly answered me,
And spoke in Irish style.

"Jist judgin' by yer looks," said he,
"That name wud suit ye well,
But if ye plaze, my jolly lad,
Yer right name now ye'll tell."

I saw his twinkling eyes and said
"Ed. Turley—not Tur-lee."
He answered promptly "all right, Ed.
Good friends I'm sure we'll be."

Then stepping down he took my hand
And said "Your name I knew,
For when I asked the 'Bad' boy's name,
Each one I asked named you."

"I like you better, Ed., for that
When I was young as you,
They called me 'bad.' I tried to prove
That what they said was true.

"You are not 'bad'; the jolly boys
  Are nearly always kind,
And I expect that I in you
  A trusted friend will find.

"You planned at my expense to have
  Hilarity with me;
I think that you expected, too,
  That I would angry be.

"The poor new teacher often has
  Some trials his first day,
But he may win his spurs, if he
  Accepts them gracefully.

"And so I won't think less of you
  Because you tried to be
A little mischievous, and have
  Some merriment with me."

Then I stood up and said to him
  "Whatever, sir, occurs
We'll all stand ever true to you,
  For you have won your spurs."

HOW TO HARDEN STEEL

THE blacksmith threw a piece of steel
Upon the ground and said,
"I cannot harden it. It seems
To be as soft as lead."

His son stood near and promptly said,
"It soon will hardened be,
If you will 'lick it,' dad, I know
That's how you hardened me."

I SHAKE IT OUT OF HIM

A TEACHER said, "There is one boy
I will not stand;
The sullen, stubborn boy who sulks,
When I command."

"I will not reason with that boy,
Nor patience show;
I'll shake it out of him, that he
My power may know."

O, blighter of the souls of boys!
O, tyrant blind!
Such boys need doctors, and the smiles
Of teachers kind.

. . . . .

A gloomy farmer came to get
His photograph;
He looked like one who never had
A jolly laugh.

The new photographer said, "Smile!
No change was made;
"O smile, sir, smile!" he said again;
The sad look stayed.

"Come, you must smile!" he louder said.
He failed again.
He took a pistol in his hand
And shouted then,

"Smile, will you!" He was quite as wise
As teachers mad,
Who shake the sulky, stubborn boys
To make them glad.

THE DUNCE

LUCY was merely "the dunce" to me.
Dullest of all in the school was she.
"Dunce" she was called when to teach I came,
And I remembered that conscious shame
Burned on her cheeks with indignant flame,
When she was called that degrading name.

So though I knew she seemed dull and slow
Sympathy ever I tried to show.
Calling her "dunce" could not make her bright;
Baseness so mean robs dim souls of light.
To the poor girl I was just and kind,
But I neglected her dormant mind.

When in October my class began
For the school closing to make our plan,
Lucy came shyly and said that "she
Would be so glad to recite for me."
"No!" I replied, for I thought at once
That her class reading was bad, poor dunce.

Yet the next morning she brought a book,
Gave it to me, and said, "Please do look;
Find if you can one I may recite,
Then I'll be happy on closing night."
Still I said kindly, " I think not, dear."
Then in her eye I could see a tear.

Tenderly to the poor child I said,
"Choose one yourself, dear." She raised her head.
Quickly my words chased her tears away;
Fondly she smiled at me through the day;
Then at the close she came up to me.
"Thank you," she whispered, "just wait and see."

Lucy came early next day to me;
"Hear me recite, if you please," said she;
Joy was still dancing in her blue eyes.
"Gladly," I said, and to my suprise
Lucy recited with power and grace,
Hope's light transforming her glowing face.

As I walked homeward that happy night,
Into my soul flashed a message bright.
"Lucy has power," was the lesson taught.
Clear to my mind came the humbling thought,
We were the dunces to let her go
So long unkindled, but now she'll grow."

"Interest has been aroused in her,
Soon her dull mind will begin to stir—
Wondering, longing to understand.
O! how I'll watch as its powers expand.
She has revealed her best power to me.
Blind I have been, but thank God I see."

JIM'S BIG BROTHER

'TWAS Winter time. Upon the farms
The year's hard work was o'er,
And earnest young men came to school
To try to learn some more.

Strong limbed, athletic men were they,
Strong hearted, forceful, true,
Men who love work in open fields
Grow strong, but tender, too.

Dick Andrews was a splendid type
Of force, and skill, and grace.
No other lifted such a weight,
Or ran so swift a race.

Our teacher beat the small boys most,
And O! he whipped us hard;
And often our poor backs were blue,
When by his rawhide scarred.

He called Dick's little brother up
One day to punish him.
Dick said, "My brother's sick. You must
Not punish little Jim."

"Then I'll beat you," the teacher said,
But, ere he struck a blow,
Dick knocked him down and sat on him,
"Now, sir," he said, "I'll show

"You how a rawhide hurts, and make
You understand the way
Poor, helpless little fellows feel
That you beat day by day."

And so he did. He beat him well
Until he writhed in pain,
Then rose, and to the teacher said,
"I hope I made it plain."

"That rawhides hurt, and I intend
To punish you, whene'er
You beat my little brother, so
Just do it, if you dare."

At noon that day some little boys
Said, "Dick, we're glad that you
Beat the old sinner, and we wish
You'd be our brother, too."

HIS FIRST MORNING

"I'LL read my thirteen rules to you,"
The teacher harshly said,
"You'd better pay attention, too,"
And, when the rules were read.

He took a ruler in his hand
And struck the desk a blow,
"Now dare to break one of my rules,"
He said, "and out you go."

"I'm going to be master here
Or know the reason why,
And, if you mean to disobey,
I'd like to see you try."

Tom White, our largest boy, said, "Bah!"
We answered with a shout,
"A bully is a coward, sir,
Now come and put me out."

The teacher quailed; we cheered, and cheered.
Astonished at the noise
The principal came in and asked,
"What is the matter, boys?"

The angry teacher answered him,
"Why, sir, I never saw
Such boys as these. They've no respect
For me, sir, or for law."

"Tom," said the principal, "please tell
Me what has happened here,"
"He's not a gentleman," said Tom,
We answered with a cheer.

"No word of greeting did he give
When first he took his place;
He simply stood, and glared at us
With fierce, unfriendly face.

"He read us thirteen silly rules,
Then struck the desk a blow,
And said, 'Whoever breaks a rule
Out of the school will go.'

"We were indignant, sir, at him,
Boys have their rights, but we
Will be polite to any man
Who treats us decently."

The principal then kindly said,
"I'm sorry, sir, but you
Were wrong, for these are earnest boys,
Kind hearted, helpful, true."

"I will report at once that you
For this school will not do.
You, sir, should never teach again
Until, with wider view,

"You get a new respect for boys,
And learn a better plan
Than bullying to train a boy
To be a gentleman."

Then turning to Tom White, he said,
"Tom, I have faith in you,
Please lead the class, for I can trust
These jolly fellows, too.
I'll try to get a leader soon
Who'll be a comrade true."

"I'M sure that you have given me
The hardest class in town,
They won't obey, and I confess
I cannot keep them down."

"You should not try to keep them down,"
The principal replied,
"Your duty is to guide them up."
"I can't," she said, "I've tried.

"I've punished them to make them work.
And yet it seems to me,
The more I punish them the worse
The bad ones grow to be."

"Is that the best that you can do?"
The teacher answered, "Yes."
"Then never while you live again
Such ignorance confess.

"God gave you higher kindling powers
Than force of strong right arm;
That is your weakest power; the one
Most certain to do harm.

"Learn your high powers of mind and heart
To kindle childhood's best,
And study children's interests
That you and they be blest.

"Don't keep them down, but guide them up
In love's enkindling way,
And they will grow in happiness
And vision day by day.

"Thus clearer light and higher view
Will help your soul to grow,
And you will find the highest joy
A teacher's life can know."

THE STEP-TEACHER

MARY heard her mother's friends
Talk about step-mothers' ways,
Always telling of their faults,
Never speaking words of praise.

Mary, when she came from school
Pleasant stories used to tell
To her mother ev'ry day,
For she loved her teacher well.

But one day her face was sad,
For her teacher kind was ill,
And another had been sent
For a time her place to fill.

"Our new teacher is so cross,"
Said she, "and she scolds us so,
Mother dear, that she must be
Just a step-teacher, I know."

TWO CHARACTER BLIGHTERS

BILL'S teacher was solemn, his father was, too—
Believing that earth is a sad vale of tears,
They made his life teary in youth so that he
Might be well prepared to endure through the years.

They robbed him of childhood and taught him that God
Was watching to punish him, when he was bad.
The true joys of childhood they made into sins
To try to prevent his becoming too glad.

His teacher seemed happy, when he could report
Some wrong he had done, or some failure he made;
Then father would mourn o'er his terrible end,
And make him kneel down while he wailingly prayed.

When any new vision shone into his mind,
And he began doing some things that were new,
They stopped him and said, "Don't! Sit still and be good;"
And made him a "don'ter" with nothing to do.

And thus they soon strangled the best in his soul;
His life was embittered, his heart became sad;
Then those who had robbed him of growth-power and joy
Coerced him more harshly, and said he was bad.

Bill sullenly listened to censure and prayer.
He gladly accepted their verdict, and tried
To prove he was bad but relief came in time—
The teacher he hated grew sick and soon died.

All life changed for Bill, when his new teacher came;
He proved to be brotherly comrade and friend,
Who kindled his powers, awakened new aims,
And ever was ready with smile to commend.

Bill's winter was past, and life's frost-fettered streams
Flowed out, when set free by the sunshine of trust,
And watered the roots of his soul so he grew
In faith in himself for his teacher was just.

Bill's father soon noted the change, and he said,
"My son, since your teacher is dead I can see
His death has been hallowed to you, and I hope
That you will continue more worthy to be."

Bill smiled as he answered, "Yes, dad, I agree,
His death was indeed a great blessing to me."

"DREADFUL DICK"

YES! I taught a village school,
More than fifty years ago.
Teachers then believed the rod
Must be used to make boys grow
Into good and useful men;
Beating boys was common then.

When the trustees first engaged
Me to teach the village school,
The last teacher said, Dick Green
Never would submit to rule;
So four times a day he had
Punished him, he was "so bad."

"Then," said I, "I do not see?
Why he is so good, poor lad,
Beaten as you say he was.
Beating helps to make boys bad.
Beaten he will never be,
While he comes to school to me."

On the road I met the boy,
And he tried to pass me by
Without speaking, but I said,
"Dick, I hope you'll not be shy;
I am the new teacher, so
All the boys I'd like to know."

"How'd you know my name is Dick?"
"People told me you were 'Bad,'
And they called you, 'Dreadful Dick,'
So to meet you I am glad.
Beating is the only way
You can be made good, they say."

"I do not believe that, Dick,
I have found boys love to do
Right far better than the wrong.
From your face I judge that you
Have just been misunderstood,
And that in your heart you're good."

"Say!" said he, "I wish I could
Just believe all that. Will you
Come with me a-fishing now,
If you've nothing else to do?"
"Yes! old sport, I'll go with you,
And you'll find that I am true."

Coming back I said to him,
" 'Comrade Dick' I'll call you, boy,
'Dreadful Dick!' Let's bury him,"
Then his face lit up with joy,
"Trust and love you'll get from me."
"I will trust you, too," said he.

. . . . .

"Yes! I heard him preach last night,
And he filled my soul with light."

BRAVE JOE

"YOU did it, sir, I know you did,"
The angry teacher said,
His voice was loud, his tone was harsh,
His face was very red.

"I did not do the printing, sir,"
Replied the honest lad;
"Don't dare to contradict me, boy,
I know you're always bad.

"To save yourself from punishment
I know you'd tell a lie."
The boy in answer calmy said,
"You're lying, sir, not I."

"I saw the printing done, and so
I know the truth—not you—
What you have said is not the truth,
What I have said is true."

The teacher raised his cane to strike,
But ere he struck the blow,
A trustee, standing at the door,
Said, "Stop! What's wrong with Joe?"

The teacher told his story; then
Joe told his story, too.
And said, "He does not know the truth,
But what I said is true."

While Joe was speaking, Susan Brown
Came late, and heard him through;
Then said, "I did the printing, sir,
What Joe has said is true."

The teacher harshly said to Joe,
"Why did you not tell me?"
"You did not ask me," Joe replied,
"And, if you had, you see,

"I could not be so mean, as tell
What I had seen Sue do;
You might have thrashed me till I fell,
Before I'd peach on Sue."

The teacher claimed that Joe should make
Apology. "You know
He said that I was lying, sir,
You can't deny it, Joe."

The trustee said, "I think that Joe
Has proved an honest lad,
You said you knew—you did not know;
You basely called him 'bad.'

"You said that he was lying, though
He told you what was true.
To use your vulgar words, he has
As good a right as you.

"For boys have rights, as well as men;
Teachers have claimed, too long,
That might is right, and beaten boys
Because they were so strong.

"And he was right. It has been shown
Your words were false—his true;
You should apologize to Joe,
I hope that's what you'll do.

"And let me add, what Susie wrote
Was merely meant in fun;
If you had laughed, the pupils' hearts
You surely would have won."

SHE FAILED

"THERE never were such horrid boys
In all the world, I know,
They make such noises I can't teach;
They shout, they sing, they crow.
I will not stay another day
With children who will not obey."

"I've punished them, and punished them
But they are just as bad.
Their mischief-making deviltry
Will surely make me mad.
I will resign, and let them see
They cannot act that way with *me*."

Then the inspector calmly said,
"Dear lady you are wrong;
The blame for what you say of them,
Does not to them belong.
For boys were never yet the cause
That led to disrespect for laws.

"Boys love the laws of games, and if
They're wisely ruled in schools
Their love of law develops their
Respect for all good rules,
And law becomes respect for right
Through life a guiding moral light.

"Directive—not restrictive law
All children love, until
Some tyrant dares in home or school
Respect for law to kill
By robbing them of freedom. They
Learn then to dare to disobey.

"You punished them. It did no good.
It did do lasting harm;
You might have won them in an hour
With kindly, loving charm.
You've many powers to help and save,
You used the power that must deprave.

"God gave you power of heart and mind
To kindle and uplift—
His highest gift to human souls—
You do not use that gift.
You have a hundred powers to charm;
You basely use your strong right arm.

"Coercion is an evil thing
That cannot kindle souls,
And souls unkindled never rise
To reach life's highest goals.
Coercion is your lowest power.
Plant seeds of love, and let them flower

"The powers your pupils use for wrong
  Should bring you happiness.
All evil springs from misused good
  Develop—don't depress.
Guide all their powers to work for right;
Misused—these powers their lives will blight."

SHE COULD NOT PASS

NELL'S learning was not very great.
For years she could not "pass."
Each time she failed her crammers said
"She did not 'pass.' Alas!"

Each year much younger pupils "passed,"
Crammed through the highest class.
But Nell came back another year,
And tried, but failed to "Pass."

Nell still went calmly on her way,
Until at length she "passed";
And then her crammers smiled and said
"Well, Nell got through at last."

They shook their learned heads and said
"'T will never, never do
To let her try to teach a school,
Although she has got through."

And wise inspectors were quite sure
That Nell would fail, but she
Worked faithfully until she found
Her place of destiny.

They sent her to the poorest part
Of all the city, where
The children were allowed to grow
With little guiding care.

It was not right to send her there,
Such children need the best;
It was not just to Nell, but she
Began her work with zest.

With simple faith, with spirit strong,
With heart serene and true;
She entered on her chosen work,
And triumphed in it, too.

As comrade in her pupils' lives
She led their work and play.
She did her best, but tried to find
Some better way each day.

She made her pupils partners, too,
In finding better ways
To fill their lives with interest
In work, in games, in plays.

She went with them on Saturdays
To factories to see
How men and women work; and plan
What they in life should be.

And sometimes on a holiday
Out to the woods they went,
And freely under God's blue sky
Rich, happy hours they spent.

They learned to love the flowers so much
That they would not destroy
Them. Each took home a single flower
For some sick girl or boy.

She taught them how to grow fine flowers
In window box and pots;
And clear their rubbish heaps away,
And make bright garden plots.

And soon she started clubs for them,
Where girls and boys could meet,
To learn to work, and play, and sing,
And even learn to eat.

Then she got carpenters to come
To train the boys to use
Their tools, and shoemakers to show
Then how to mend their shoes.

The fathers and the mothers, too,
Would younger children bring,
To watch the pupils at their work,
And hear them sweetly sing.

The crammers smiled at Nell's queer ways;
Teachers who failed before
In Nell's school said, "Just wait, she'll fail."
But when the year was o'er,

Her pupils took a higher rank
Than any crammer's class;
Awakened by new interests
They did not fail to pass.

Relating home and school, awoke
The district, and ere long
The men became more sober, and
The children grew more strong.

Nell's pupils, leaders soon became
In helping others. She
Trained leaders in the games at school,
And taught that each should be

A leader in the game of life
To help to make men free,
And over evil try to win
His special victory.

While learned crammers, crammed and crammed
To get their pupils "through,"
Nell's pupils learned the vital things—
To think, to be, to do.

Mere knowledge never has been power,
And never power can be,
Till it is wrought in, and wrought out
Of souls divinely free.

When Nell grew old and left the school
Her portrait was unveiled;
Her gray haired pupils knew that she
In life's test had not "failed."

THE TEACHER'S STORY

SAM JOHNSON was a jolly lad
One of the brightest that I had.
He was the captain of my team
Of football boys, and his bright dream
Was that our team would surely be
The winners of the cup, and he
Would proudly hand the prize to me.

Sam's father thought his boy was "bad"
He often punished him, poor lad,
And told him "he would go astray
Because he was so fond of play,"
So in his room to make him good
Alone in dreary solitude
In his dim room he shut him in
At night to keep him free from sin.
Misguided tyrant he believed
That he his purpose had achieved
Because Sam seemed subdued to be
And yielded to his tyranny
Although he yielded sullenly.

Sam made excuses day by day
Because he could not stay to play.
At last his father came to say
That Sam from home had run away
With money stolen from the till.
"I tried," said he, "to break his will;

From him all evil things I took
And made him read the sacred book.
I knew that he would go astray,
If you could have your wicked way,
And waste his precious time in play.

I kindly said, "Were I your son
I think from you I'd quickly run
Away. What could a poor boy do
Who had a father such as you?
You robbed him of his right to play,
Or be himself in any way.
He is a boy, a real boy,
Whose heart should glow with boys' true joy.
To try to make a boy a man
Is ever the most certain plan
His higher selfhood to destroy,
And rob him of true power and joy.
If of your tyranny afraid
Your son might still at home have stayed
Enduring hopelessly the wrong.
You did, but Sam is far too strong
To yield to tyranny, and he
Has bravely left his home to be
From his own tyrant father free."

"Free from coercive tyrant rule
Your boy was always good in school,
No child can ever grow to be
What God has planned unless, he's free

To see, and think, and plan, and do:—
Achieving visions ever new.
Sam loved to work as well as play.
Play is a boy's most perfect way
To set his highest powers free,
And train his leadership that he
A forceful, helpful life may live
And of his best to others give."

"I'll help you now your boy to find,
If you will promise to be kind
And just to him, and set him free
From your degrading tyranny.
If you will promise to be fair
And try his boyish plans to share
As comrade, and with him will go
To see him play—that he may know
His father's sympathy, why then
As Captain of our team, again
You will be proud of him, and he
Will love his father tenderly."
He knew his plan had failed, so he
With mine was ready to agree.

We found Sam angry, bitter, sad;
A hard, resentful, heart-sore lad
With all his better nature turned
To evil. In his soul there burned
The agony of conscious shame
For which he knew he had no blame.

His father said with feeling strong
He now could see he had been wrong,
And asked his boy's forgiveness. Then
Sam's better nature shone again.

I told how glad the boys would be
Their Captain on the field to see,
And that his father would be proud
To lead the happy cheering crowd,
When he as Captain handed me
The emblem cup of victory.
Off rolled the shadows from Sam's heart
"O, dad," he said. "I'll do my part,
If you will only freely give
Me just a chance to truly live."
Dad promised, and to Sam was just,
Enjoying comradeship and trust,
And, when the cup at length was won,
He gave to his triumphant son
Fine medals for his team to wear
To prove his sympathy and share
With others on that day of joy
The honours heaped upon his boy.

LET CHILDHOOD'S FLOWERS BLOOM

I HAVE a boy just four years old
The worst I've ever known.
He is my only child, and I
Have lived for him alone.

"I was a teacher so I know
Just how to train a child."
At that I turned my head away
And coughed, and broadly smiled.

"A preacher told me once," she said,
"That he was not born bad,
But I know better, for my boy
No chance has ever had

"To learn bad things from other boys;
I kept all boys away
From him. He never left my sight.
I never let him play.

"Now what would you advise?" said she.
I looked her in the eye,
And calmly said with earnestness
"Are you prepared to die?

"There is no other way to give
Your boy a chance to grow
In body, mind, or heart, if you
Are not prepared to go.

"Unless you let your child be free
And be a real boy
Without an intermeddler near
To rob him of his joy.

"He never had a boy's true play;
He never has been free
To plan and then achieve his plans,
And learn to do and be

"What God meant boys to do and be
To kindle their best powers,
And make the seeds of happiness
Become Life's perfect flowers.

"You turn his joy to bitterness;
His love you turn to hate;
And then blame God for your own crimes.
O learn before too late,

"That God gave you a child well made
With powers that never die;
You have prevented their true growth
And yet you wonder why

"Your boy does evil. You must learn
That evil is but good
Misused. Your son is God's own boy
By you misunderstood.

"Fear not the evil. God still lives.
Your boy will not go wrong,
If freely in his life you let
His good grow truly strong."

SECRETS OF FAILURE

HE must fail in child training who day after day
Tells a boy he is "bad" in the old fashioned way
Till the good in his life is transformed into bad
And his power for right has been blighted, poor lad,
For his badness is goodness until tyrant man
Interferes with the freeness of God's child-growth plan,
And the man who remembers that he was a lad,
Is the hope of the children some trainers call "bad."

Men must fail in the training of childhood, if they
Have forgotten that children are happy at play,
And that all a child's goodness grows strong in the light
And the warmth of his soul, when his heart-shine is bright.
The great world to him is a realm of the blest
While he's free to enjoy it with childhood's keen zest,
So the man who can kindle a child with true joy
Has the mind of a man and the heart of a boy.

The child grows by doing—not "don'ting" and so
When his doing is stopped, his best ceases to grow.
Given freedom to plan, and with comradeship true
With his father and mother the child loves to do
What is right—not the wrong, for God made the child right,
And, if evil his action, 'tis proof of man's blight.
The child loves to do, not "to do what is wrong,"
For by doing his powers grow vitally strong.

HE WAS REMEMBERED

IN early life I taught a school,
And after forty years I went
To visit in the village, where
My long past teaching days were spent.

I hoped to find some pupils who
Remembered me, and still would show
Their joy at meeting me again,
Their teacher of the long ago.

I went into the village store,
Where kindred spirits often met,
To see, if from those gathered there,
I could some information get.

I knew that I had so much changed
No one my face would recognize;
But soon I heard one speak my name,
And listened with suppressed surprise.

"O! you may talk about the way
The teachers beat boys now," said he,
But they are gentlemen compared
With one who broke his cane on me.

"Tim Brown put pepper on the stove,
But Jackson thought I did it, so
He called me up. 'Did you do that?'
Said he. I promptly answered "No.

"I don't believe you, sir," he said
"I'll whip you for your falsehood, too";
I would not tell on Tim, and so
He beat me till my back was blue."

"In some way he found out the truth,
But seemed to feel no sense of shame
For flogging me for what he knew
I was not really to blame."

"I have despised him ever since
And his old pupils even yet
Say had he been a gentleman
He'd have expressed sincere regret."

I first decided I would buy
Some trifling thing, and haste away;
But then my better nature said
"No! Be a gentleman and stay."

They all looked startled, when I said
"My name is Jackson, gentlemen,
I was that teacher, but I've learned
Sincere respect for boys since then."

"Boys have their rights, as well as men
And I apologize to Jim
For he was brave and truthful, too.
A man then stood, and said "I'm Tim."

"And I apologized to Jim
Long years ago; I felt the shame
Of letting him take punishment
For what I only was to blame."

Then round me gathered my old boys,
And Jim forgave me for the past.
In his own home we formed that day
A friendship that will always last.

WHO RUINED FRED?

FRED was in jail for burglary.
When his old teacher heard how bad
His life had been, he shook his head,
And said, "he was a wicked lad."

"Some boys are born so bad they love
The paths of wilfulness and sin;
They hate restraint. they disobey,
They won't submit to discipline.

"I whipped and whipped, and whipped him, till
He ran away from school. I feel
I did my duty faithfully
But could not break his will of steel.

"I told him he was wicked, and
I told his mother as a friend.
I did all that a man could do
And warned him jail would be his end."

The teacher's was the crime, for he
Had never tried to study Fred,
Or kindle what was good in him,
But whipped, and whipped, and warned instead.

Coercive punishment alone
He tried, and yet he dared to say
"He did *all* that a man could do."
'Twas he who drove the boy astray.

His own best powers he never used;
  Fred's best he never tried to wake
He used his least effective force,
  And tried Fred's splendid will to break.

Inflated ignorance could find
  No baser, surer, swifter plan
To rob a boy of hope, and faith,
  And conscious power, when a man.

TEACHING ME TO LAUGH

'TWAS in the "good old times" when men
Trained in the "good old plan"
Of beating brutally to make
A boy into a man.

Our red haired teacher had one eye,
And on a day in June
His one eye closed in peaceful sleep
One hazy afternoon.

And while he slept the girls and boys
Quit work to have some fun.
We spent the time in merry ways,
And I had just begun

To smile at pretty Susie Jones
And truly happy be,
When he awoke, and from my dream
He rudely startled me.

He thought I smiled at him and so,
He shouted, "Jim, come here,
And I will teach you how to laugh,"
Then smiled with bitter sneer.

I did not think that I had need
Of smiling lessons, yet
I went. "I'll teach you, now," said he,
"What you will not forget."

"And you may choose the instrument,"
He added with a nod,
"The rod, the ruler, or the strap."
At length I chose the rod.

"Oho, and so you'd like the rod,"
The jeering tyrant said,
"Well then, my boy, if you like it
I'll take the strap instead."

He tried to break my laughing heart;
'Twas more than he could do;
I'm glad, too, that he did not stop
My smiling at sweet Sue.

I meant to teach him, when a man
How boy's hot wrath can wait,
But life brought such a store of joy
I lost my power to hate.

My memory retains the good;
The horrors pass away;
And I can even laugh at him
Who punished me that day.

TOM AND JIM

TWO mothers sat upon the green
In May;
Their year-old children sat between
At play.

The mothers started in the shade
To talk;
The babies rose, and efforts made
To walk.

Both babies fell, as babies will.
Tom cried.
Jim tried to rise. He fell, but still
He tried.

Tom's mother lifted him, and said,
"Poor, dear,
Sweet tootsey!" dropping on his head
A tear.

Jim's mother said: "Good boy!" at length,
When he
Stood firmly, happy in his strength,
And free.

. . . . . .

Tom learned to flounder in the dust,
And cry;
Jim learned on his own power he must
Rely

HERMIT JOE

JOE'S mother died, when he was young.
His father drank and so his boy
Through childhood's years grew up alone
With little care and little joy.

The neighbors told their children, they
Must keep away from Joe; because,
Untrained, unguided, and unloved,
He had not learned respect for laws.

His drunken father caused him shame;
Morose and sullen at fifteen
He shrank from unjust scorn, and soon
Became a hermit seldom seen.

His father fell and broke his leg.
And Joe ran out some help to find,
He met the teacher on the road
And found him willing, wise and kind.

He helped the grateful boy to bring
His father in, and said, "He'd go
To get the doctor." Then he stayed
Throughout the night to comfort Joe.

The teacher did not know Joe's past
For he began the week before
To teach the school, but that long night
Joe told his story o'er and o'er

"O, Sir;" said he, "No other man
Has ever tried my friend to be,
I've never known till now that life
Had any hope for dad or me.

"But you have lit within my heart
The gleam of friendship's kindling ray;
And vision's hopeful, glowing dawn
Shines o'er life's sky to guide my way."

"And to your friendship I will be
True while I live. All life is new,
And I will follow in the light—
The light of hope that shines from you."

Each night the teacher sought to find
Some willing neighbor who would aid.
They all confessed neglect, but soon
Their past arrears were fully paid.

Awakened hearts the district stirred,
For kindly deeds bring spirit new.
Men learned the joys of fellowship.
And more unselfish daily grew.

The drunkard's heart to human touch
Responded freely. When he knew
His neighbors truly, he reformed,
He signed the pledge, and kept it, too.

His social spirit woke, and gave
All life new meaning till the law
Of unity of man with man
And man with God he clearly saw.

With kindled soul he said, "My son,
I know I've robbed you of the joys,
The education, and the love,
That justly are the right of boys,

"But all I have and all I am
I'll gladly use to make amends."
And father, teacher, Joe became
With purpose high devoted friends.

Joe's mind in Nature's school had grown.
He learned from stars and trees and flowers,
And in his heart were centres rich
In which were planted life's best powers.

Great things that are not learned in schools
Had entered the free soul of Joe,
And the warm touch of friendship's sun
Started these seeds of power to grow.

Enkindled now he studied hard
And, guided by his teacher still,
Began to climb to reach the light
That he revealed upon life's hill.

And when a man of wealth and power,
A leader in his country, he
Wrote to the friend of early years,
And said, "Dear teacher, live with me;

"You gave me vision, you alone
Showed me life's wider, higher view.
Share all I have, my comrade guide,
For all I am I owe to you.

"I was a lonely hermit boy,
My mother's love I never knew;
But heaven opened, when I found
A mother's tenderness in you."

CHILDHOOD'S KNIGHT

The worst robbers are those who rob children of their real childhood

HAIL, Dickens! Valiant hero-knight!
The children's friend! All hail to thee!
Who burst the bonds of children's souls
And bravely set the children free.

Thine was the clarion voice that made
Christ's loving child-growth message clear;
Of childhood's right to childhood true
Thou wert the great prophetic seer.

The "baby savage" of the slum;
The child "who never was a child";
The "voices grave" of St. Antoine;
The "ancient face that never smiled";

"Poor Jo," with undeveloped mind,
And soul unkindled by the light;
Fair Alice Marwood, mother-curst,
Neglected outcast of the night.

Young Jackson with "no charm of youth,"
Nor "grace of childhood" when a child;
Starved Oliver who asked for more,
And Abel Magwitch law-defiled.

The Gradgrinds, Tom and Sweet Louise
Who had no childhood but in name;
The Smallweeds with no child at all
Till Grandma's second childhood came;

The victims of the Pipchin rule
Who had no childhood of their own;
Poor Paul who wished "to be a child";
Miss Panky, Briggs and Bitherstone.

And Smike the tyrant's feeble drudge
Who never knew a mother's care,
Abused, unfed at Do-the-boys,
Till death relieved his deep despair.

These were thy children, dauntless knight,
For them thy noble work was done,
By them thy sweetest message sent,
Through them thy greatest triumphs won.

And men throughout all time will be,
More reverent to childhood's rights,
Because you were the children's friend,
And bravely fought the children's fights.

HURRAH FOR YOU

HURRAH for you! Hold up your head!
Believe in two great Kings;
God and yourself. Yes, even you,
And let your faith have wings.

You are a thought of God, and He
Has made a plan for you.
You are his representative
Important work to do.

God is your partner, but He will
Not do your work for you.
Live out your soul and He will give
Each day some power new.

And He will give new vision, too,
And stronger, clearer light
To guide a kingly man like you
Up ever towards the height.

Do joyously and hopefully
The work each day may bring.
Remember ever you were born
To represent *The King.*

A MAY DAY RIDE

WHEN I called you "my big daddy,"
And you called me "your wee boy";
Once I rode upon your shoulders
Glowing with the world's new joy.

When the buds awoke in Springtime
And began to dress the trees,
And the warblers' merry music
Floated to us on the breeze,

Till it mingled with the echoes
Of the hemlocks' grand amen,
While we watched the ferns unfolding
Near the streamlet in the glen;

When I rode along the valley
With green hills on either side,
Where the beauty of the flowers
All the lowlands glorified;

When marshmarigolds were yellow;
And the trilliums red and white;
And the bloodroots, queens of springtime,
Held their faces to the light;

When the thorns had snowy blossoms,
And the violets were blue;
Then my heart grew big with loving
All the glory, dad, and you.

And the glory never leaves me
For the flowers still are mine,
And each year I know more surely
That their message is divine.

And through all the years, dear daddy,
As I stray in springtime bowers,
I recall my waking heart glow
That May day among among the flowers.

TREAT BOYS RESPECTFULLY

A MAN named William Jackson Jones,
A city man was he,
Came often to my father's house
My sister Sue to see.

He gave me candies just as if
I was a girl. He thought
A boy like me, eight years of age,
By candies could be bought.

He called me "Bub" and "Sonny," so
I hated him: you see
He made me feel so small, while I
Wished a big man to be.

Another man came courting Sue,
They called him "Jolly Tim";
He called me "Bob" and "little Man,"
I soon grew fond of him.

He talked about my collie dog,
About by pigeons, too,
And helped me plan so many things
A boy like me should do.

He showed me how to make a kite,
And make it fly so high;
So with big brother Jolly Tim
A happy boy was I!

I said one day to sister Sue,
"Jones never shall get you.
I think that you should marry Tim,
He is so good and true.

"I love Tim very much."—I saw
A twinkle in her eye,
She made me happy then and said,
"Dear Bobby, so do I."

MERRY YOUNG ROBINS

"WHY teach the children singing?" said
A man in olden days,
"To keep them merry robins, sir,
With cheering, winsome ways."

"Why do you take your children out
To see the woods in spring?"
"That they may find a joy divine
In every growing thing."

"Why waste their time in play, when they
Might study hard, and learn?"
"To keep the children healthy, sir,
Is my supreme concern."

"Play keeps the children happy, sir,
And strong, and bright, and free
To make and then achieve their plans
That they may grow to be

"Achieving men and women who,
When they grow up will be
Achievers for the truth and right
Of visions they will see."

"Why do you play with children? You
Will lose your dignity."
"I try to be their comrade, sir,
And keep them loving me,

"That they may learn true brotherhood,
So when they older grow,
They may enjoy sweet comradeship,
And shine its vital glow."

Warwick Bro's & Rutter, Limited,
Printers and Bookbinders, Toronto, Canada.

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The child's paradise

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